

the deep, shadowy eyes, he burst out laughing, and threw himself on the floor.

When Mr. Beckett came into supper, he was not a little annoyed by the gloomy expression that met him at every turn. It was evident to him something was in the wind, but what that something was he did not discover, until going into the parlor, where Janette, at his order, was lighting the gas. "What's the matter, Harry," who, with his smoker still tightly gripped in his hand, was crouching up in front of the recess where sat hung his mother's picture.

Then Mr. Beckett was visited with a flash of the light that presaged a revelation in his heart the depth of affection that had called up the sadness so evident upon his face of all, he lifted Harry in his arms, and carried him up to his bed-chamber, where that mother had been the object of his paintings when the room was lighted, for which purpose he had entered the parlor.

That evening he did not leave the house as early as had been his custom. In his mind he was busy, and he gave a farewell to the memory of the dead.

Another week, and he announced formally to his family his approaching marriage with Miss Lenora Grayson. At the time that was given to the children, they could lay aside their mourning.

The Graysons were the occupants of an elegant mansion a square or two above the Becketts, but, with the exception of the fact that they were a few years older to them; and, as Miss Lenora had arrived on the day of her departure for college, the children were in utter ignorance of the existence of such a being.

"Is Uncle Joe," or Mr. Joseph Beckett, to be more respectful, had introduced his mother to Miss Grayson, on their way home from church, one Sabbath morning, and at all anticipating the consequences that would have followed.

The wedding day at length arrived, and the children hung around their father as they were a last parting. There were plenty of tears on all sides, but Lillie gave vent to her feelings more than the others, and she clung nervously to his neck, kissed him and again and again, and sobbed herself into hysterics after he had gone.

It was a morning wedding, and very private, the party being small. Mr. Grayson being the nearest living relative, gave away and niece away, after which they went to spend the honeymoon in travelling. The wedding would fairly launch them into the world in July, when they expected to return, to take the children their usual trip to the sea shore.

A few days after their father had left him, Uncle Joe and Harry were walking together, and Harry proceeded to question him about his stepmother, and he told him in rather a better humor than he had been.

"Is she cross looking, Uncle Joe?"

"A perfect hyena," he answered cheerfully, "I'd know it, I trust myself to my brother. I did once, but she'll never cheer me again."

"Oh! I'll look out for that; I am going run away when she comes, but tell me, did she ever hurt you much?"

"Yes, more than I was ever hurt before; that I made such desperate struggles to away from her, that I've had an ugly fight ever since, and Uncle Joe said I'd better across the line, and I said I'd but shall get bravely over it one of these days."

"There! the ugly old thing! I know nothing was the matter with you, for she never been so cross as she is out."

"Yes, I know I have. Sick people are cross, and you see, Harry, I really was very sick, although I managed to keep that out of thought, one time, I should never have brought it, but I did, and you see, my boy, and you won't be surprised at my suffering so much."

"Jeha! she'd better not touch me. Now, Uncle Joe, wouldn't you run away, if you were in her place?"

"I'll tell you what I'd do, Harry. I would have everything ready to go at a child's notice, and the first time that she tried to fog me, I'd be off in a hurry."

"But, Harry, ponder over the advice a moment, and then said

"There's one thing I don't think of. It wouldn't be brave in me to run away, and leave Rosa here to get all the poor little things."

"Step! I'll fight like a Turk for Rosa, and I'll die for her, and I'll die for her will, and if she beats anybody she may not. Maybe she's old, and not very strong. I can always fix old Ann off when she gets at me. How old is she, Uncle Joe?"

"Oh! old enough to be your grand mother."

"Is her hair gray?"

"Yes, as a badge."

"And I'd know what kind of eyes she's. Ain't they hard, cold eyes, just like Winters'?"

"Not at all like hers. They are a great deal more picked, the wickedest looking eyes you ever saw."

"Oh, Uncle Joe! wouldn't it be dreadful if she should put Rosa and I in a bag, and take us off to some rattled like China, and leave the stepmother Janette told us about?"

"The rough uncle burst into such an exuberant fit of laughter, that every one that stood in the street turned to look at them."

"I don't see anything to laugh about," Harry.

And so Miss Janette has been telling the stories about her stepmother, has she? But she's busy. And that Uncle Joe laughed again, as the thought occurred to that she was no worse than himself.

I don't see what the thunder you are

"never mind! Janette says you'll laugh out of the wrong side of your mouth one of these days."

"What made her say that?" questioned Uncle Joe.

"I told that you were always laughing at the women, and that if you can't laugh you would fall in love with one of them because she said that maybe you were in love."

Mr. Joseph Beckerton was older in a moment. He had a secret of his own, but he did not care to have even suspected, and he saw now of being doubly on his guard, now that Miss Janette had an eye on him, for he it said here, Miss Janette's eyes were exceedingly bright ones, and although she had a careless, indifferent air, there was nothing that escaped her notice.

When Harry went home to supper that night, he looked very mysterious and important. Uncle Joe had charged him not to repeat to any one what he had told him, but the temptation proved too strong for him to resist, when, upon going up into the store room, he found Janette there all alone in the pantry.

"Janette, don't you wish you knew how she looked?" he said, abruptly.

"How's a body to know what you mean?" How who looked? said Janette, in a cross tone, as she hid something between the barrels.

"Why, you know, that old maid, that Miss Grayson, you know well enough who I mean."

"Who told you she was an old maid?" questioned Janette, still busy with herself in the pantry.

"Oh! never mind who told me. I know all about her, though, and if some one wasn't so blamed cross, maybe they'd know too, but I guess I shan't tell."

"If you mean me, I ain't a bit cross. Look here, see what I've got for you," and she took out a saucer of preserves, and producing a spoon from her pocket, looked the pantry door, and set it on the top of the flour barrel. There, now, take a good eat, it ain't long you'll have a chance at them."

Harry was not slow to obey.

"Now tell me all about it, that's a good boy," said Janette, dosing off a tea chest with her spoon, preparatory to sitting down.

"She's as old as your grandmother, to begin with," said Harry, his mouth so full of preserves he could hardly speak.

"Her hair is as gray as old Mr. Hadger's, and she's the wickedest woman that ever lived."

"For shame, Master Harry! I wonder those preserves don't choke you, you had best eat!" You know you are telling a story.

"I tell you it's true, and I know more than that. She caught somebody once, somebody stronger than you, and she gave them such a punishment that they never got over it. He told me himself, he did, he had a pain in his breast ever since."

"Was Alfred Grayson got home?"

"No, you needn't ask who it was, for I won't tell you."

"I don't want to know. I don't believe it, anyway. It's a story, and you know it is."

"I tell you it ain't. You just ask Uncle Joe next time you see him, if you can't believe me. There, continued Harry, showing his spoon in the air, "if that didn't come right out of me before I thought of it, Janette, do you be sure and never tell anybody."

"Uncle Joe, was it? And she caught him, did she? That's a good one, a pain in his breast, has he?" and Janette giggled at the idea.

"What are you laughing about? Don't you believe me now?" said Harry.

"To be sure I do, but look here, don't you tell any one else what you've told me, just wait till your pa fetches her here, and then we'll see how old, and how gray, and how wicked she is. I've got my own opinion about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEEKING OF AMBER.

The seeking of amber is generally carried on in one of three ways. By digging, by spearing, and by fishing.

The first method is used for the amber that lies imbedded many feet deep in the sand which the sea has for centuries been throwing upon the shore—stones, drift wood, sea weeds, shells, and gravel—first removed from the place where operations are to begin. Then a wide, deep ditch is dug through the sand to the stratum in which the amber is usually found. Now begins the "sifting." The laborers have each an iron instrument, in shape like a chisel, and about one foot in length, this is attached to a moderately long handle. The workmen station themselves near to each other, each has a portion of the surface allotted to him, and carefully probes this to a depth of about three feet with his chisel; if the point of this encounters any hard substance, it generally proves to be either a piece of buried drift wood or a lump of amber. The assistant, who is stationed beside the *Stecher*, thrusts in his arm and brings his "find" to the surface; great is the pleasure of the two if it proves to be really a large lump of pure amber. All that is found is carefully laid away until the work of seeking is over for this time. Then the washing takes place. All the fragments are carried, in the sacks in which they have been stored, to some running stream. Then the less valuable pieces are cleaned from the earth still adhering to them, by putting them in baskets and pouring water continually over them until all the sand and clay has been washed away. The more valuable pieces are washed by hand with much greater care, that they may not be marred or injured in any way. The second mode of procuring amber differs from the first in the fact that the "spearing," or *Stechen*, takes place in the water instead of on the land. The third method of seeking amber is called *fishing*, and is easier than either the digging or spearing. The sea throws up at all times small bits of amber with the weeds, but in ordinary weather there are too small to pay the trouble of collecting them. It is only when the waves are dashed tumultuously on the shore from the deep, or when the sea is in a storm, that they have force enough to bury along with them the larger and more valuable amber fragments. The women and children stand by, ready to take charge of the small bits of amber that the waves, they carry it quickly farther back upon the shore to a safe and dry spot, and search it through and through for the precious fragments. The gains of the industrious amber-seekers are by no means large, the amber trade is in the hands of a very few large dealers, and the finders must take the price that those fix, or keep their wares.

—Confederate bonds to the amount of \$400,000 were recently sold in London at public auction for \$3.40, or less than a dollar per \$100,000, of course being purchased as curiosities.

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

A four-leaved clover! In my chamber-door.

Turning my transom over where they lay, I came across this leaf, green, dry and gay.

And I found it when I picked it from the bay.

Four years ago I found it, happy chance!

I found it then, that laid it all my heart.

And I found it when I picked it from the bay.

Wooden what late my maiden steps would meet.

So, encountering slowly where forgotten words

And where wild grape vines hang their tendrils wide.

I found a sign, with eager—yes, I knew.

And turning, in confusion, saw I was you.

Why did you speak my name? I cried in

And when you asked what evil you had brought,

I said, with trembling cheeks and tear wet eyes,

By coming, to me when I wished you not.

You turned away in wonder at my mood,

And I stood still, half read and half

Was this the girlhood's knight I hoped to meet?

This man, with stately air for labor framed

—A sign of love, I deemed, most aptly named.

Ah, well! the years bring wisdom to their

And I look back now to that day, to-day,

Its clear, gray eyes down-shining into mine,

I thank my fate for that auspicious day.

When closer love and guidance in my way

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

She bowed in silence, and he left the

room. So once more she watched through

the night, and listened in the quick, rat-

tling breath, changed the position, and ad-

ministered his medicine, whilst Frank

Lenny watched her with all a man's ad-

mirations of her gentle movements and

quiet skill. She was one of those women

to whom nursing came by nature, and

poor little Cecil had given her some practice

since his accident. And again Dr. Geoffrey

said that there was a decided improvement,

and a good chance of a temporary recovery.

At times the sick man's condition returned,

but only in a dreamy fashion that made

him express no surprise at seeing either

his brother or Mrs. Elton. It was not till

the evening of the following day that he

asked how he came there, and how his

progress toward recovery became steady,

and every hour his breathing became

easier and his strength greater. But when

Sibyl spoke of relinquishing her task he

was so distressed, and implored her so

pleasurately not to hand him over to the

tender mercies of the old woman, that

she had no choice left. She often wonder-

ed, as day after day she nursed him, with

all the care and attention of a sister,

whether he had any twinge of compunction

about the deception to which he had lent

himself, and which might have been the

cause of such shame and misery to her

and as the memory recurred to her of

the terrible evening when her husband

had appeared, as it were, from the dead

to her, she turned from him with a sense of

hate and loathing that it was almost im-

possible to conquer or conceal.

His brother Frank she liked more and

more every day they were together. It

was like a gleam of sunshine when his

bright face appeared at the door of the

sick room with his usual question, "Is

he asleep? May I come in?" and when

Cecil for walks, bought him toys, and

taught him games, till the child grew so

fond of him that the mother was jealous

for the memory of Geoffrey. And yet as

she asked herself, was it not for her

when the one aim and object of her life was

to prevent his ever meeting Geoffrey again?

Poor Sibyl! It seemed to her at times

as if the yearning for the glance of the dark

eyes, the sound of the dear, dear voice,

she could bear. She told her

self that it would not last, that knowing

they were parted forever, her love must

die, and she would not let her heart be

gladdened by a change as yet, unless to

strengthen and increase her misery and

yearning. She was sitting by Mr. Lenny

one evening, ten days after Mrs. Legros

had called her in, basely the doctor, and

work for Cecil, her thought back in the

happy days at Sandbeach, when she had

been unconscious of her own feelings or

Geoffrey's, whilst the invalid, propped up

by pillows, dreamily watched her quiet

figure.

"Geoffrey thinks I may get on to the

solo to-morrow," he said presently, "and

tells me I have only you to thank for it. I

don't know how to thank you, though."

"What can I do?" asked Mrs. Elton.

"Nothing. I do not like being thanked,

especially when I have been acting with

only common humanity. I came here at

Mrs. Legros' request, and the poor woman

is quite cross with me because you have

shown her too plainly that you prefer my

nursing to her's."

"How could I help it?" he asked with a

fat smile. "You can hardly realize the

pleasure it has been to me to have the

care of a lady again after all these years.

As Frank says, this is a pleasure to

see you move about the room. How do you

like Frank, Mrs. Elton?"

"Very much," she answered warmly,

and then there was silence for some

minutes.

"I have been dreaming such a happy

dream as I lay here," he said at last, after

a slight hesitation in his manner. "Can

you guess what it is?"

"I am not a good guesser," she replied,

shaking her head with a slight smile.

"Tell me your dream."

"Well, don't be angry if you don't like

it, but Frank is such a good fellow—so

different from me—that I thought you

might care for him; and it is plain enough

he is falling head-over-ears in love with

you."

Sibyl laid her work down in her lap, a

crimson flush on her face, and her eyes

glaring at anger.

"Mr. Lenny, how dare you say such a

thing to me! You said in a voice he hardly

recognized. 'Is this your gratitude for

what I have done for you, to attempt to

play such a cruel trick upon me? I know

as well as you do that my husband is still

alive, and have found it very hard to

give you for lending yourself to such a

cruel fraud." She rose and turned to leave

him, but he caught her dress.

"Stop, Mrs. Elton!" he cried. "You

shall not go till I have learnt what you

mean. I swear I never knew, never

guessed, that you had married again. I

am no party to any fraud. I thought and

hoped you were free to become my brother's

wife."

CHAPTER XIX.

In a few words she told him of her hus-

band's visit, and his account of the whole

affair. Mr. Lenny was silent for several

minutes, and then broke into a laugh.

"I see it all now," he said, quickly—"and

a clever trick it is, too. You saw him

in the moonlight only—and he is like

one of those true natures who never

forget a face. I had never said anything to

you about marrying again, you would prob-

ably have gone on paying him a thou-

sand a year without ever seeing him

all his life. What a neat thing it has been

of your husband to let you see him! Now

send for him—may you have some

thing urgent to say to him, and will not

pay in his money—which is just due

again, by the by—unless he comes for it,

and prove my words. Mrs. Elton, how

thankful I am to be able to repay you for

all you have done for me!"

He lay back breathless and exhausted

from so long a speech, and the excitement

of the discovery he had made, and Sibyl,

with a true nurse's instinct thinking of

him before herself, poured out with trem-

bling hands some brandy and water and

gave it to him. The, as she fully realized

he had told her and all it meant for her

and her husband, and her own future, she

burst into tears, and sobbed out a short

burial cry, and then she fell on her knees

by the bedside, and, burying her face in

the bedclothes, thanked Heaven with tears

of joy. And she thought that a short

act of charity, but Richard Lenny knew

that his happy dream was over.

Geoffrey Chetwynd was strolling lazily

along Broadly, his head bowed, his eyes

cast down, his mind full of the next

face that passed, showing how the

months of misery and fruitless search had

told upon him and kept him still over on

the sands. He had not seen a single

all sorts continued their ceaseless work

by his side, for London was filling fast, early

as it was, at every third step some ragged

woman or girl besought him to buy prim-

roses, or violets, or a bunch of flowers

where he went, he escaped their importu-

nities by turning into the Park. The

flow was full of riders, from the City to

the old gentlemen who sat stiffly in a

first on his showy but worn-out hack,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE FASHIONS.

The entire absence of all long-haired drapery in the back of French dresses is still very marked, while many persons continue to wear the absurdly pronounced shoulders, which give an odd and awkward appearance to the entire costume.

The French dress is nearly all formed upon the Princess or Godefride model.

Pompadour made very long and but slightly draped, are very popular.

The simple cut dress, however, is by no means out of vogue, and is sometimes varied by being cut in a brief, back and front.

A most elegant costume for the house has been shown to us, and can be initiated in silk and cotton as well as made, as was the model, in silk and velvet.

TO DISCOVER THE WORK.

The undershirt was of cardinal-colored silk, heavy green grain. It was made entirely without ornament and had a double train.

The over-shirt was very long and plain, and of black velvet.

The only thing of this sort was on the right side, low down, and done by means of two long velvet straps, in which was attached a velvet chain of beads. The over-shirt was drawn up in equal folds, and apparently caught carefully between the straps. Of course this costume disposition of the folds was only seeming, being the result of the latest cut.

A shawl or stole of black velvet was buttoned from throat to hem with black velvet buttons on the side.

Shawl of the cardinal silk with velvet cuffs out square, and a full of black thread lace, which latter is sewed inside, and falls over the hand.

This costume could be very readily initiated in cashmere and silk, having the silk for the undershirt.

A pretty morning robe of striped cotton, or linen, either material being suitable, was shown. The front is a plain Godefride, having a double row of buttons to close it.

A deep pocket, smaller at the top than the bottom, and entirely covered by a full of silk to match the stripe in the dress material, also having two straps of silk laid on point downwards, and fastened with silk buttons on the points, was placed high up on the left side. The pocket was turned towards the middle of the skirt. These points were taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams. Low down, that is, in the skirt, the skirt was taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams. Low down, that is, in the skirt, the skirt was taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams.

A full of deep crimson silk of Henrietta cloth. Around the lower skirt was a maroonish deep tulle pleating of maroonish silk, the ends of which were fastened with a double row of fringe covered buttons. The skirt was taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams. Low down, that is, in the skirt, the skirt was taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams.

A very pretty pattern of quite small spots, or little girls was shown of black silk, trimmed with white lace. The skirt was taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams. Low down, that is, in the skirt, the skirt was taken deeper in the skirt, and connected at the bottom by being laid under the seams.

Deep, pointed collar of the same grey with cuffs for the sleeves, and a band encircling the four points at the back of the neck, completed the simple yet elegant costume.

CHOCOLATE BARS.

There are no sweeter morsels in the late Paris fashions.

Chocolate bars combined with pearls or opals are all the rage.

Brown velvet capes trimmed with a garnish of satin lace in lined velvet are very much the style.

Fine cashmere is combined with silk of similar tint for suits.

Long trains of dress must not be worn except in the house or carriage.

Pointed collars are preferred for children's wear in full dress; grey or brown being given the choice.

Shawls of brown or black velvet, are among the indispensable for winter wear among children.

Small skin gloves lined with these are a charming adjunct to the costume for cold weather or driven. These gloves are made in many colors to slip off and on over the hand.

Foot muffs of knitted work, or else brown or black cloth lined and fur bordered are most suitable for winter.

Shawls of brown or black velvet, are among the indispensable for winter wear among children.

Small skin gloves lined with these are a charming adjunct to the costume for cold weather or driven. These gloves are made in many colors to slip off and on over the hand.

Imitation Duchesse and some kinds of point lace are made with point lace braid, having a pattern of small flowers, or of small leaves and stems in overcast work and point lace.

Quilted satin and cottons for dainty dresses, lined and trimmed with silver dots and small flowers, are very much the style.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. H. & C. O'Connell for information received.

A new kind of French work is being introduced. It is a simple and yet an effective work, and is being introduced.

But bright strips of tulle or lace left over from other dresses are very much the style.

It is a simple and yet an effective work, and is being introduced.

Many persons are not aware of the fact that the most effective work is being introduced.

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DON'T TRAMPLE DOWN THE DREAMS.

"We crush the dream, often, while reaching for the dream," said a man.

On young and old alike, the dream is a great thing. It is the dream that gives us the power to do great things. It is the dream that gives us the power to do great things. It is the dream that gives us the power to do great things.

You may pass by the dream, but you may not pass by the dream. You may pass by the dream, but you may not pass by the dream. You may pass by the dream, but you may not pass by the dream.

I have seen the dream, and I have seen the dream. I have seen the dream, and I have seen the dream. I have seen the dream, and I have seen the dream.

With the dream, and with the dream. With the dream, and with the dream. With the dream, and with the dream.

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With the dream, and with the dream. With the dream, and with the dream. With the dream, and with the dream.

But all dreams and visions were equally in vain.

I was about to say that no dream is ever heard of as being so steadily and so long believed. But this would be a mistake, for no dream is ever heard of as being so steadily and so long believed.

A secret chamber was nothing wonderful in itself. No doubt they exist in every old house, and are always carefully hidden from the eyes of the world.

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The country was as gay as all the entertainers were to be given in his honor.

His friend was going to accompany him on his tour, as he had accompanied him through a considerable portion of his life—Almeric Farrington, a young man of the same aspirations as those of his host.

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Stream of frontier life will always have a charm, especially to the young. Black Billy's Mission, one of the Forest Glen Series, by Eliza Kellogg, is of this character, and describes the incidents of a new settlement in Pennsylvania in the time of the French and Indian war. It will be all the better read by young people because of the prominent parts enacted by the hero of the little colony. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

A slice of summer gladden our sanctum, brought by Vicki's Fruit Guide for 1871, full of illustrated descriptions of flowers and vegetables. A bright chromo of a summer bouquet adorns the work. It is published quarterly, and ought to be in the hands of all who have gardens, that they may know what to put in them; and also in the hands of all who have no gardens as a substitute for the beautiful things it describes.

Potter's American Monthly, for January, gives a Continental sketch of Washington at Trevelyan and Princeton, by Andrew B. Ogilby. A richly illustrated paper, on the subject of the Empire in Spain, by Murray Thompson, a sketch by Sheel, entitled The Long Watch; a valuable article on the American Drama, and other choice contributions, which make up an excellent number.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.: Spring Leaf Waltz; Little Nest Among the Roses, song and chorus; Raymond's Organ Gema.

Our love is wrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is wrought in air, exalting its power by a subtle pressure.

Hard speech between them who have loved is gracious to the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty side into view.

A HUSBAND MERCHANT was unpleasantly surprised recently by the announcement that a debtor to a large amount, had left for parts unknown. He felt like cursing, but humor prevailed, and he remarked with great emphasis, A son can't man's no-better work of God.

SCIENTIFIC.

MR. BURNHAM, an English meteorologist, states that very severe winters have occurred at intervals of about sixty-two years. The winter of 1814 was very severe, and was followed by a similar season in 1876.

An English paper says the question of iron and steel rails, has been a subject of great interest to the public, and has been a subject of great interest to the public, and has been a subject of great interest to the public.

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GRACE CHURCH.

Many of Twelve O'clock.

of the religious part of the marriage is fixed by the church in the. The appointed master of the ceremony is expected to be present as soon as doors are opened, because the swinging and carpet in front of the altar is laid by the footstep.

Spencer's ghost, remembering that the ghostly presence of the deceased is a great help to the living, is a great help to the living, is a great help to the living.

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